



Two excellent new Songs,
intituled,
JOHN of BADENYON,
II. The New Way of
TULLICHGORUM.

John of Badenyon.

When first I came to be a man
of twenty years or so,
I thought my self a handsome youth,
and fain the world would know.

In best attire I slept abroad,
with spirits brisk and gay;
And here and there and every where
was like a morn in May.

I had no care nor fear of want,
but rambled up and down;
And for a beau I might pass'd
in country or in town:

I still was pleas'd where e'er I went,
and when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
with John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
a mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air,
and even improves the mind:

On Phyllis fair, above the rest,
kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty struck my heart
and I became her prize.

To Cupid now with hearty pray'r
I offer'd many a vow,
And danced, and sung, and sigh'd and
as other lovers do: (swore,

But when I came to breathe my flame,
I found her cold as stone:
I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe
to John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart betray'd,
with foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
and laughed at lovers pain.

A friend I got by lucky chance,
'twas something like divine:
An honest friend's a precious gift,
and such a gift was mine.

And now whatever might betide,
a happy man was I,

In any strait, I knew to whom
I freely might apply:

A strait soon came; I tried my friend;
he heard, and spurned my moan;
I turn'd away, and pleas'd myself
with John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
and would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
and cry up person Horne;

Their manly courage I admir'd,
approv'd their noble zeal;
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
maintain'd the public weal:

But e'er a month or two was past,
I found myself betray'd;
'Twas self and party after all,
for all the stir they made:

For when I saw the factious knaves,
insult the very throne,
I curst them all, and tun'd my pipe
to John of Badenyon.

What to do next I mused a while,
still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
and gravely try'd to read.

I bought and borrow'd every where,
and studied night and day,
Ne'er mist what dean or Doctor wrote,
that happened in my way.

Philosophy I now esteem'd
the ornament of youth;
And carefully thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth:

A thousand various schemes I try'd,
and yet was pleas'd with none,
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
to John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters every where,
who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
for happiness below.

What you may fancy pleasure here,
is but an empty name,

For girls and friends and books also,
you'll find them all the same.

Then be advis'd, and warning take,
from such a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor cardinal,
nor one of high degree:

You'll find displeasure every where;
then do as I have done;
E'en tune your pipes and please yourself
with John of Badenyon.

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The NEW WAY of

Tullichgorum.

Come gi's a song Montgomery cries,
And lay our disputes all aside,
What nonsense is't in folks to chide
For what was done before them?

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory,

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
And drop their whup—meg morum;
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night with mirth and glee,
And chearful sing along with me
The reel of Tullichgorum.

O Tullichgorum's my delight,
It makes us all in one unite,
And any sumph that keeps up spite
Out of my list I'll score him.

For blyth and cheary we's be a';
Blyth and cheaty,
Blyth and cheary,

Blyth and cheary we's be a',
And make a hearty quorum
For blyth and cheary we's be a',
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw
And dance till we be like to fa'
The reel of Tullichgorum.

What needs there be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I would no gi'e our ain Strathspeys,
For half a hundred score of them.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie,
Douff and dowie,